THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers.
NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

} CLUBS—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1849. WHOLE NO. 1448.

Original Poetry.

AMBITION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MISS MARIA WEBSTER.

I saw him when a fair-haired boy,
Beside his mother's knee;
I heard his ringing laugh of joy,
His tones of happy glee;
I gazed upon the azure lining fate,
The dark and current eye,
And deemed that I could plainly trace
A spirit, pure and high.

I saw him when a noble youth,
Arrayed 'gainst power and might,
He stood, to aid the cause of truth,
And laurels for the right.
Deep, thrilling, were the words that fell
Upon the listening crowd,
And stern hearts 'neath the magic spell
Of eloquence were bowed.

Time hurried by—and once again,
Mid crowded halls we met,
The man seal of manhood then,
Upon his brow was set.
But, 0, a fearful change had passed,
With withering, blighting power,
Across his heritage, since we last
Had met in boyhood's hour.

A fester light burned within his eye,
A scorn was on his lip,
And his proud bearing, cold and high,
Repelled all fellowship.
He trod amid that brilliant throng,
With restless, anxious heart,
Knowing that with their mirth and song,
His feelings held no part.

No look was cast by which to tell
The child with sunny brow—
The youth whose mental power seemed well,
Was he before me now?
Ambition's stormy wave had buried
Affection's gentle seen,
No pure hand had e'er since crushed
Each fleeting not its own.

Ambition! 'tis a fearful spell!
In first deep thought it awakes
As the waste star can quell,
A clime or nation's fate;
It breathes into its victim's heart
A terror sought not there,
And bids Life's brightest joys depart,
And with him a name.

West Bloomfield, N Y.

Pictures of Life.

STORY OF GRAZIELLA.

FROM "CONFIDENTIAL DISCLOSURES, OR, MEMOIRS OF A PHYSICIAN."

BY ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE, AUTHOR OF "HISTORY OF THE GIRONDISTS," "RAPHAEL," &c.

I.

At eighteen, my family entrusted me to the care of one of my relations, whose affairs summoned her to Tuscany, whither she proceeded, accompanied by her husband. Without an opportunity to let me see something of the world, and to enable me to form a connection which might be useful to my whole and of provincial towns, where the early passions of the heart are corrupted for want of being actively employed. I set out with the intention of remaining there only a few months, but I remained before two years.

The business which had taken my travelling companions to Naples was indefinitely prolonged; they spoke of sending me back to France without my having seen Rome and Naples. This was to snatch me from my dream at the very moment when I was about to realize it. I wrote to my father to beg permission to continue alone my travels in Italy and Sicily. Having a very moderate, but a little hope of being favorable, I resolved to anticipate that permission by my departure. It arrived a week after, and I, who had written two lines, I may be reprimanded, but I shall be pardoned: I shall return, but before doing so I shall have set my passed in reverse the very limit of absence which my mother's embarrassed affairs allowed me. Such was my mother's embarrassed affairs allowed me. Such was my mother's establishment at Naples, who would not, perhaps, refuse me a little money to enable me to return. I was now seventeen years and a half, and by the courier for Rome.

I spent the winter there alone, in a little apartment in an obscure street which opens on the Place d'Espagne, with a Roman painter, who took me to board along with his family.

At last, after satiating myself with Rome, I longed to see Naples. It was on the banks of the Tiber, and the sight of the Tiber had chiefly attracted me. Countries have been ever for me mere names, which I loved to call to mind in the order they had loved them yesterday, and that their order were yet warm. I saw Switzerland, in imagination, Fassitigny and Savoyard Switzerland, and, through the atmosphere of their early and tender grace.

I reached Naples on the 1st of May. I was joined a few days afterward by a young man of my own age, and whom I had formed at college a truly brotherly friendship. He was called Alyme de Vimes. His life and mine have been so closely blended together from childhood till his death, that our two existences seem to me, as it were, a single one. I will not have to speak of him on almost every occasion when I have had to speak of myself.

I had at Naples almost the same sort of residence as that which I had had at Rome. A room in the house of the old painter of the Place d'Espagne; only, instead of passing my days in examining some of the monuments of antiquity, I spent them in wandering along the shore, or in skimming over the waves, with Alyme de Vimes. I returned to the convent to the old convent, where, thanks to the hospitality of my mother's relation, I found myself in the immediate neighborhood of the balcony of which, cautioned with flowers in pots, and with climbing plants, formed the boundary of her own, or Vanozza, Castellamari and on Sorrento.

When the morning sky was cloudless, I could see the whole of the bay of Naples, formed by Cape Sorrento in its sunlight, suspended over the waves like a sword; and, on the horizon of the sea, which I had at least, would recognize him whom she had loved so well.

"She recognized him on the instant," says his author biographer, "notwithstanding his sickly paleness, his withered look, and his dress worn out by the fire-throws herself into his arms with more tenderness and compassion than if she had recognized her brother in the glittering habiliments of the courtiers of Ferrara. Her voice is stifled with sobs she presses her brother to her heart, the wanton his feet, she brings him her father's mantle, she prepares a little bed for him. But neither can touch the meat when it is served before them, to tell of tears are their beards; and they pass the day without uttering a word, or weeping, in gazing at the sea, and in musing over the recollections of their childhood."

II.

One day, toward the commencement of summer, when the Gulf of Naples, surrounded by its hills, its snow-white houses, and its rocks, carpeted with vallies, with ravines and with the lads of moss, was basking and surrounding herself in a deeper azure even than its sky, resembles a vase of some antique, standing with loose, and the handles and margin of which are entwined with the leaves of the ivy and the vine. It was the season at which the fishermen of Posillipo, who perch their cabins on its rocks, and who stretch their nets on its little shores covered with fine sand, push off with confidence from the land and proceed to fish during the night, two or three leagues out to sea, so far as the steep and rocky shores of Capri, of Procida, of Ischia, and even to the middle of the Gulf of Gaeta.

Some carry with them pine torches, which they light to allure the fish. The fish attend to the light, thinking it is the dawn of day. A child, crouching in the bow of the bark, holds in silence the torch drooping over the wave, while the fisherman, plunging his eye to the bottom of the water, snatches for his prey, and endeavors to surround it with his net. These fires, reddy as the blaze of a furnace, are reflected in long, undulating waves on the glassy surface of the sea, and the long train of light thrown by the silvery monotheme. The undulation of the waves gives them an oscillating movement, and prolongs the fantastic track from the shore. Sometimes, at the moment of the waves of the sea of Naples. We first notice the sail indifferent as to return it carried on. We landed in this manner at Posillipo, and we were hauled for the imagination by the gloomy shade of Virgilian Cumae and on temples indecorated amid their grottos of laurel and wild fig-trees. Rain and the gloomy shores, which seem to have given rise to all poetry, and to have been the first poetical pleasures they formerly afforded a start. Pastor and Pompeii, smiling beneath the lava and the ashes of Vesuvius. Castellamare, whose carnadine and lofty forests of laurels and wild chestnut trees, mirrored in the sea, limped with a sombre green the ever-murmuring wavelets of its shores. The old fisherman was acquainted every where with some family of fishermen like himself, whose he regularly set ashore, and where he was sure to find a welcome and return to Naples.

During two months we never entered an inn. We lived on the open air, on the sea, on fish, and on the frugal life of the people. We constituted ourselves their guests; we were allowed the same confidence, we spoke their language, and the simplicity of these habits communicated to us, as it were, the contentment and security of their lodging.

This transformation, nevertheless, cost us but little. We had merely to let both brought up in the country, amid the storms of the Revolution, which had crushed or scattered our families, had left north in our memory the image of the peasant; he in the mountains of Gravinaise, in the bosom of a scene which had received him during his mother's imprisonment, I in the hills of Macon, in the rustic dwelling where my father and mother had lived in the most unreserved intimacy with the obliged or laborer or the mountains and the fishermen of the Gulf of Naples the only difference are those of locality, of language, of profession. The former and the warm inspire the same thoughts and the same sentiments in the heart of man and of the sea. Nature speaks the same language to all men. Those who have had recourse for food to the mountain or on the billow.

This we ourselves experienced. In the midst of these simple men we did not feel ourselves strangers. A similarity of instinct is a tie of relationship more powerful than that of blood. I was delighted in failing in to rest. We saw with regret the close of the summer drawing on, and the moment approaching for my departure. Alyme was not ashamed to say that he would return to our native land. Our companions had received us into their troupe of the waves, or indicate to the season of Procida that a bark was preparing to put to sea, and to ask them, not for assistance, but for their prayers.

It was at once a sublime and fearful spectacle—this poor child, clinging with one arm to the little mast, which was fastened in the bow, and with the other raising above his head this torch of ruddy fire, the flame and smoke from which were whirled in the wind, and burned his fingers and his hair. This floating spark appeared like a moment in the midst of the waves, and then disappeared in their depths, ever about to be extinguished and ever kindling again. At a short distance from these capsize long by the side of naked arms the boat, which struggled between the sea and earth, in the midst of the darkness and agony of that night.

V.

Three hours, whose minutes had the duration of years, at length elapsed. The moon had risen. The moon rose, and, as it usually the case, the wind had fallen with the moon. The sea, which we had hesitated the smallest sail, we should have been captured twenty time, and have lost little hold to the hurricane, there were moments when the ladies of the sail in the air, and the bark, ready mass of morning floated half way up the stays, and seemed about to fall back upon the wave, incapable to anticipate it, and to double Cape Misenum before the heavy and sleeping sea should be lashed into foam.

The fish were abundant. We were anxious to cast a few nets into the sea. The wind seemed to be too gentle. Our provisions became more difficult to procure. Our companions, who had remained on the waves broke into feast, and cries dreaded us with spray. We had passed the night in the open expanse of course brown, wood which the sailors and hearers of Naples throw over their waters in the season of the fawns. Some pieces of these capsize long by the side of naked arms the boat, which struggled between the sea and earth, according to the weather, shelters the head of the sailor from the rain and the cold, or allows him to repose on the deck. The hazzarde made us still more pleased with the idea of embarking along with him. After a long residence on the coast, I boldly resolved to land on the shore of Capua, and to ask for hospitality and our food.

The sun appeared at length, and I beheld the child to procure at Margellina an additional supply of provisions, of bread, of wine, and of fish for the day. All the approach of evening we assented him to launch his bark on the waves, and we pushed off to sea with him.

V.

The first night was delightful. The sea was calm as a lake imbosomed amid the mountains of Sorrento. Nothing had been heard on the water at a distance from the shore, we saw the twinkling lights from the windows of the palace and from the groups of fishermen's cabins, scattered like stars at the bottom. The light-houses alone showed us the direction of the shore. We saw the two large light columns of fire which towered upward from the crater of Vesuvius. While the fishermen lowered and raised the nets, we lay down on the deck of the scrap, allowed the bark to waver in its little harbor, and, with our eyes fixed on the stars, on the impulse, and listened with rapture to the successive drop of the water from our oars, which left in the air a long train of sparkling fire, like the pearls dropping into a basin at silver.

We had long since doubled the point of Pausilippo, crossed the Gulf of Portanti and that of Baia, and cleared the canal of the Gulf of Gaeta, and we were approaching Cape Misenum and the Island of Procida, when a storm which had lost its way, and which came from the Adriatic, overtook us. We were in the waters in the center of the gulf.

XI.

The sea ran too high at the point to allow us to reach the port. We were obliged to decide upon landing on the island on the open shores, and amid the rocks and islands. But the wind increased my children," said the old fisherman to us, on re-entering the shore by the light of the torch, "the Madonna has saved us. We are close to the land, and we shall sleep this night in my house."

We were not sorry to hear this. Night or ten was no other dwelling which he possessed than the gloomy cave at Margellina, and to return there he were nightfall, it would have required us to reenter the canal, to double the cape, and to face anew the roaring sea foam which we had just escaped.

But, smiling at our air of astonishment, and comprehending our thoughts by the expression of our eyes, he reassured. "Take courage, young men, we shall reach it without being wet by a single wave." Then he explained to us that he belonged to Procida; that he possessed on the side of the island a cabin and garden which had belong of his father, and at that very moment his sons and his wife were waiting for him on the outer of Sepolino, our young shipboy, and two other children, were already on the shore: they lay the light and to strip the trellises of the grapes, which they sold at the fair. In the mean time," added he, "we shall drink the water of the spring, which is more limpid than the wine of Ischia."

Leaving these words gave us renewed courage, we pulled for about a league along the straight and rocky shore of Procida, which was white with foam from the wind and the waves. The moon, which was more bright, and the pipe rather thicker than those of the women of our climate, had an expression of candor and goodness. The small, but pearly teeth shone, like the enameling of a shell, between the bright shell of a pearl cigar holder and the gleaming and transparent lobe.

She spoke to her little brother, her animated words, a little sharp and accentuated in their tone, and half borne away by the breeze, sounded like music in our ears. Her countenance, as changed as the light of the torch which illumined it, seemed to assume from surprise to affright, from affright to gaiety, and from tenderness to laughter. She was a sweet girl, and when, at the large fig tree, she retired in confusion from the window: her hand abandoned the casement, which had opposed her with forced reluctance, and she ran to inform her father that the strangers were desirous of supper and a bed.

XII.

The poor, on landing, the rocks, gave each a sharp and grating noise, like the crash of a pitch which falls obliquely and breaks. We leaped into the sea, we made fast each bark as well as we were able with the remains of a rope, and we followed the old man and the child, who proceeded a short way in advance.

We ascended the declivity of the rocky shore by a path of a narrow stair case, hewed in the rock by the chisel, and in the softer soil by the impress of the feet of men and of beings, sloping from the foam of the sea. This stair-case of living rock was replaced, in some spots where it did not afford support for the feet, by several artificial steps which had been formed by driving long stakes into the holes of the soil, and by fastening across this trembling foundation planks of old vessels still covered with pitch, as figures of the branches of the tar-barrel, which had been split for them.

After having thus climbed slowly about four hundred of these hundred steps, we found ourselves in a little overhanging court-yard, surrounded by a parapet of gray stone. From the back of the court-yard a door opened into a small house, which seemed to have been built of the ruins of a Roman villa, running up on the terrace, brought back with the stones from the summit of the island, and with little smoked cedar of the Virgin, placed before the door, and which served as a support for the vine. We understood that it was an act of thanksgiving to her divine protectress for having saved her grandfather and her brother, and we took part in her expression of gratitude.

XIV.

The interior of the house was as naked and as like the rock as the outside. It presented to view, the walls which were plaster, rather whitened with a little lime. The floors, weathered by the light, glided and rustled in the interstices of the stones, and under the feet of the father, which were those of the children for a bed. The nests of the swallows, which had built there, were suspended from their black beads and their restless eyes, were suspended from the beams, which, still covered with their bark, formed the roof. Grazella and her grandfather their slight together in the second chamber in one of the arms which were formed in the interior of the fissures of rock. Several pannel of fruit, and a couple pack-saddle, littered the floor.

Grazella threw, from time to time, an astonished look at us, as if from the depths of a dream.—When the father had finished his narrative, the old mother fell on her knees beside the hearth. Grazella, running up on the terrace, brought back with her a branch of rosemary and some flowers of the orange tree, with their large white stars: then mounting on a chair, she fastened the bouquet with two golden pins, which she took from her head. She placed the crucifix of the Virgin, placed before the door, and which was opposite to the hearth

The World Abroad.

REVIEW SECOND DAY, THIRD DAY, EVENING TOPIC.

LECTURES ON EUROPE.

BY THE REV. DR. BAIRD.

NO. I.

RUSSIA.

Rev. Dr. Baird accordingly introduced his subject, and drew out half of that continent, 3,000,000 square miles. The entire Empire of Russia, in Europe, Asia, and Russia proper, is one continuous plain, and the entirely northern island of Nova Zembla, occupied 7,000,000 of square miles, or nearly a seventh part of the whole surface of the globe. It was larger than Rome, but compared with Rome in size was unspeakably complex. The Roman Empire curbed all the countries from the Mediterranean, and comprised only a small portion on the world. The city of Rome stood midway in the peninsula of Italy, and if we looked to her dominion North, East, West and South, she should find these countries the very finest in the Old World—its climate, and fertility. He would find that empire had a population of 150,000,000 in the time of Adrian. Rome contained sixty-six and a half millions of people. The Russian Empire, which had fifty-four millions, leaving to Rome in Asia only twelve millions, in an extent of five millions of square miles—twelve millions then peopled Siberia, a great portion of which fourteen years ago was unknown—ranked one of the largest nations. A large part of Russia Proper, too, was very unfertile. On the finer ground Russia owned to Rome there was excellent land—but that part peopled by the Cossacks of the Don was very sterile. Going the middle regions of Russia, and fertile—around Moscow, &c. Poland, about the size of Pennsylvania, at least Russian Poland—the part of the Empire, and had its own laws, as in Finland—but no Legislature or Constitution. Poland had fine cities—a large population—was not a small a country, but it was one of the best parts of Russia. Lithuania and Livonia were likewise Provinces.

In the Northern part were many lakes, those of Ladoga and Onega being the greatest. The population of the Northern part was three or four millions, mostly Finn, or descended from the ancient Semitics, as they are called by Tacitus. Taking Russia as a whole, it was peopled by the Finns and Mongolians, and they are not high, dividing the best plain into two—Russia in Europe and Russia in Asia. In Russia in Europe the Finns were the most numerous worship to be called a hill. It is the largest country in the world in many respects. The attention is so low in relation to the sea, that if it were levelled down at the small hills of the division edge between the waters they flow North and South—if so levelled, it would not be more than thirty feet above the sea. Asia Russia is on average level of 630 feet—Spain, the highest, 1,000 feet.

As I travelling extensively over Russia, an American would be reminded of his own country very often. For instance, Russia is now covered over with insects—not like the fine woods of our Western States, but chiefly pine and fir. Some of the log houses, with which a Western man is quite familiar. Russian houses are built of round logs, the ends between the stones, which they use in country wide, owing to a dread of fire. In the large cities of the world is made improvements since destroyed in an hour or two. Another thing that reminds us of home, at least in the West, is, that the roads are unbelievably bad. Some are like Detail Crockett's railroads—corduroy roads—very rough for stage coaches. Russia is one of the great post places in the world for plank roads; and the latest and most expensive kind of construction, and have been there to prepare materials for plank roads. He would make his fortune. There are but three good roads in the empire—one from St. Petersburg to Moscow, five hundred miles—hard, and with a macadamized road on each side, preserving so both varies of one hundred and fifty feet wide, through the forests. Another to Kovno and Warsaw, seven hundred and fifty miles, over which there are lines of stages every day. A few years ago, there was no line of stages—now there are five—now there are eleven lines! There is another from St. Petersburg to the towns on the shores of the Gulf of Finland. A railroad is now in progress from St. Petersburg to Moscow, very direct, and will be finished in 1852. Another road is started under the direction of American engineers.

One of whom was from this city, making engines and cars. It was to be completed this year, but owing to the troubles in Europe, it is probable that it will be delayed. In 1848, 49, and 50, there were no lines. In 1847, 36,000. It was easy for the Emperor to have 150,000 of his troops especially if he should employ the army, and the latter was of the opinion that they would be rather employed in many than in time of peace something else. Another thing was slavery—serfage—belonging as of one soil—as the negro. Like the slave holders in our own Southern States, the Russian proprietors were very keepsake. They usually receive French. The lectures had been urged by noblemen to go and stay with them for weeks and months. At Kazan there is a college the Missionary of the British and Foreign Bible Society resided, and he had not spent, in all that time, enough for a weaver's boarding at one of the hotels—and Kazan, Moscow, St. Petersburg, Novgorod, &c., the hotels were detestable.

How singular it was to see the things that we see in our own country. The dress—it is eminently Asiatic—prints, serfs, and all with long beards. It was a complete insight into the hundred countries (serfs) at church, all standing, for there were no seats, answering the liturgy and music—for there are but few sermons in Russia. The lecturer was struck with their rough appearance—at sheep-skin coats and boots. When the bell rang, and the order was consecrated, they began to bow and cross themselves—their long hair falling over their eyes first, and then back over their shoulders, so they described a complete semi-circle with their heads—their beards, &c. Every one of them had a burglar at a forest in a wind. The whole appearance of the thing was Asiatic. Singers had been even followed by a servant, who carried a carpet, on which they knelt—then falling on the prostrate so to bring their heads and forehead down to touch the cold marble pavement—then rose, kneel again, contemplate—and then bow. Everybody had one before with the carpet. The driving horses four abreast, reminded one of the ancient Scythians and their war-chariots. The number of horses regardless of the standing in society of the owner. Then a nobleman drove in a land four, one pair before the other, but at a considerable distance. The drivers with their Asiatic dresses mounted like jockeys on flies at a distance, but on approaching, we were most undeceived by the gaudy-like beards that protruded from the hood over a sailor-like garment with his bags, driving so fast as his horses could gallop, and with so many horses, it was necessary to be very quick in getting out of the way. This rapid driving was desirable. He had travelled from Moscow to Novgorod, 200 miles in 26 hours, and much time was lost in changing horses. They had four horses where there, four more each stage, and backed in sales; sometimes twelve, and seven abreast—but this was very Asiatic. A nobleman a dense was conferred on one of the lecturer's friends, he would hire your band, and ride it last against his fine fog to be ridden in the capital of the empire. Another striking Asiatic feature was to be seen in the superstitions of the people. Moscow and the thousand domes on these hundred churches—the ones or four each, when air or night each—many English steamers had been sent to Russia myself. These were made or covered with sheet iron, with crosses on the top of each of the gilt. Some of the crosses was called beneath the cross, as at the Imperial Chapel of the Kremlin. Many persons in the country thought that the Russians meditated a conquest of Germany, but the lecturer thought not. The Emperor did not, he believed. Russia had been feeding the empire West, but Russia would probably like to spread itself—and the Czar of Turkey; it would like to go East and annex Persia—but as things were, perhaps Turkey first. In fact a belief prevailed among all classes of the Russians, [illegible] the effect that they have a mission to conquer all Mohammedan countries.

Travelling in public vehicles was like the French, is "diligence." baggage on the top—rate almost three cents a mile. But to go from the interior more hour to buy a vehicle called an "araisa"—a [illegible] stage, and we never saw it in this country, but more long, and this is principally used for transporting goods. Something better, however, is constructed in Moscow, a "perekladnoi," and at the bottom of the Russian pole is familiar to all Russians. Every one of importance will travel and sleep in such. Travelers with many servants take quite a number of these latticed. The Russians are so obsequious and daily, that it is well not to stop in them, and especially not to sleep in them. From St. Petersburg, on the continent, many Russians prefer going to two or three England travelling because instead of using a vehicle, a dressy as a vehicle on four wheels, that has a saddle or leg, about six feet long, the ground and covered with leather. They are very comfortable. They are ladies, the foremost lady takes that hold of the shafts—and the other right hand holds in a gentlemen behind, in a similar way. But this air dressy is disappearing, and is now being replaced by "kogaiss" and "kolaska"—a kitchen with bodies, and no four wheels. It is a half enough for travelling, owing to a want of good roads and good vehicles—except in the winter, when the travelling over the snow is excellent. The wind—it are long, and it is the best season for sledges. In a square at St. Petersburg, many, large, lovely, &c., are piled many feet high, in large or stacks covered with straw. The whole of the large are frozen, so that these provisions could be had until the winter. The sledges and sledges were of Russia, especially Poland, are numerous there is no inline rare. Backwheel, fast, and heavy are all abundant, and apples, peaches, plums, and other fruits are plentiful, according to climate —the warmest being sold in conjunction with the northern parts—the northern frontier consisting of the regions of 60° and 61°. The climate of the city of Rome are course—the people inside many things for their own use; but the Government have established and extensive manufactories of cotton, silk, iron, sheet iron and leather. The Government of Russia, like that of England, owns all the land of Asiat. It is, however, very limited on the Danube, Moscow, and rivers that go into the Arctic Ocean, owing to the rigors of the climate, and the very sparse population. But the Russian trade is greatly improved by steam, that of Peter the Great being full of activity during the summer. There is one mode of travelling in Russia that we know nothing at all about here—a [illegible] in the winter. Perhaps there may be 4,000 vessels in all. The inland navigation by waterways are various, especially along the Volga, the Don, the Dnieper, (Borysthenes,) the Dniester, and other rivers that flow into the B ack and Caspian Sea and that of Azof

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1849.

FOR CALIFORNIA.

The New York correspondent of the Ledger tells the following story:

Quite an excitement was created in the fashionable circles yesterday, especially among the young men, by circulating the announcement that the London cabin of the Crescent City, of a beautiful young lady, named for the goddess of love, was open the sum of a young man's name, and that the ship would sail with that company, but who recently had subscribed some $10,000 of the glittering gold, to claim the object or his early love. The father of the fair one accompanied them to the steamer, and, as the time drew near to take a long farewell, he perceived a slim young man, who had pursued a fellow's blessing might attend his children on his journey.

The happy bridegroom hails again a farewell to the home of his youth, and the train of his heart their lots on the hill-lodged shores of the broad Pacific. The father of the bride is a distinguished Minister of the Gospel, who will trust in that Providence in which he has always contented him, to guide her safely to her far off home among strangers, and not a single fear of the future will interrupt happiness attend them.

We would like to hear the name of this $10,000 gentleman, who, not satisfied with what he has already, is roaring again with his fair young bride for a fresh heap of dollars. "Glittering gold" is the lure to woo, but the whole story sounds very much like a romance.

GOING IT BLIND.

The New York Dispatch tells the following story of the late election in that city:

At one of the polls in the Fifth Ward, a big, burly, ox-driven presented himself on election day, and was asked what ticket he had, and that in favor of the new charter.

"Don't you want Mayor, Aldermen, Judicial Ticket, and School Commissioners?" asked one of the inspectors.

"I vote for the new charter," was the reply.

"Yes, but all these are added to the new charter," said the Inspector.

"I don't understand the long charcoaster, with an amazing drawl—"I'll inquire into the charcoaster of the amazing document—I'll vote for the new charter, I'll come back since nowhere.

"But you must know what you're about at one time," said the Inspector.

"I don't—why then put that in for the new charter—the new charter is the thing—I'll come back since nowhere to put in for your Mayor, and Aldermen, and Judges, and I don't know anything else—I have not time to inquire—and I never go blind."

So saying, the long-charcoaster walked off. He's an honest fellow, however for all that. Mr. Mozart live in a republic.

We think the reading of the above may do good to multitudes on this election day, when, unlike the "long charcoaster," are a-ways ready to "go it blind," at the bidding of their party leaders.

ACCIDENT.

We learn from the Cortland County (N. Y.) Express, that the Presbyterian Seminary at the "Oneida Medical Institute," at Randolph, had one day entirely destroyed and his loss severely burnt, by the explosion of some fluid in the lamps of the room, which was used in the preparation of oxygen gas.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 110—adults 47, and children 63.

Historical.

DEFENCE OF WILLIAM PENN.

AGAINST THE CHARGES OF MACAULAY.

FROM THE LOUISVILLE JOURNAL.

T a most important charge brought against Penn by Mr. Macaulay, is that of his connection with the difficulties of Magdalene College, Oxford, in which, during the Second Reign, he was a well known, a most thorough and devoted Roman Catholic. It is extremely curious to see how one of that church rose high offices in the ancient seats of learning. In 1687, the President of Magdalene College, who had been appointed by the Fellows to elect a Catholic named Anthony Farmer, a man of many vices, but a zealous papist, was ineligible for several reasons. The Fellows elected Hough, who was also ineligible. Hough, a man against whom there was no objection, in the unquestionable trust at the head of few colleges. This would have been the end of the matter, but the Fellows were cited to appear before the High Commissioners at Whitehall, and on their refusal to do so, were pronounced void. Soon afterwards, James wrote to the Fellows of Magdalene, a letter peremptorily recommending them to elect a man named Parker, who, although not a Papist, was, like Farmer, no Protestant. Parker was elected, and it was not long before that Hough was duly the President, and that the members were expelled, and their places filled up, contrary to statute themselves and greatly to the King.

This firm and manly resistance in the despotic machinations of James deeply incensed that monarch. He visited Oxford in person, poured forth his threats and persuasions to induce the Fellows to elect Parker as the President. They refused. They remonstrance, and he left them full of indignation.

It was while affairs were in this position that James summoned Penn to assist in settling the difference between James and the Fellows of Magdalene College. He refused. He told the King that he was unconnected with James, and had been able, by reason of his influence over the King, to render many services friendly toward the Dissenters. At one time he was instrumental in causing the doors of the College to be thrown open to Protestants, and in rendering strong letters hinted at his Quaker brethren and a great number of the Dissenters, in the height of the day. He maintained his intimacy at court, notwithstanding that he refused to take office, because he found it enabled him to insist on the practical carrying out of the great doctrines of religious toleration. He was aware that the Dissenters would not stand by the King in his arbitrary measures, and that in a great deal of good to persuade the Dissenters to do so. Penn, therefore, very cautiously managed at Magdalen, Penn "had no small good influence in the proceedings of the Government (toward Magdalene College,) and even ventured to express part of what he thought." He told James, also, that "the county Quaker 6 d his best to relieve the Fellows of Magdalene College," and that he "did not hope that Penn extorted the Fellows to submit, or at least to temporize, and, finding that he could not frighten them into a compliance, he told them that the King could not bear to be crossed, and that the Fellows must submit, and hinted that if they would, Dr. Hough would be made Bishop of Oxford. Penn, in short, was the only man of all the people in Somerset broker in consent of a peculiarly disreputable kind, and to use a bishopric as a bait to tempt a Fellow of Magdalene."

Now this is strong language, and, if it is true, then this absence of William Penn from the court of Versailles, and veneration for him. If these allegations against Penn can be sustained, they will show a most deplorable hypocrite, who used religion as a cloak behind which to practise meanness. We are sorry that Macaulay has so unfortunately sealed such strange and unaccountable anxiety to darken the fame of Penn and to defame the man upon which has heretofore "hedged him in" in the estimation of the people. He does not say that Penn is a hypocrite, but we presume we have it before us, in an abstract of a letter written by Doctor Hough himself on the occasion of his election to the Presidency of Magdalene College, and which was read before the Fellows of Clarkson's Life of William Penn, where the particulars are more fully stated than they are in Macaulay's history, and he will have them before him. We refer to Penn. Indeed, no one can form a correct idea of Penn's connection with the affair from Macaulay's account. The facts in the case are substantially as follows:

The day after the interview between James and the Fellows of Magdalen, Penn was absent from visiting Oxford, and on his return to London, the College sent him an interview with the Fellows, wherein he wrote a letter, and, declaring that the Fellows had been "much perplexed" with his duties and calls of. The contents of this letter are recorded by Dr. Spratt, one of the Fellows, by whom were at that time in Oxford, and by Sewel, the historian of the Quakers, who was a correspondent and correspondent of that day.

Dr. Spratt says Penn wrote to the King that the case of the Fellows was a hard one—that they could not yield obedience without a breach of their oaths—that Penn, in charges which he made effort to a friend, says that he had written a letter to the King in behalf of the fellows, intimating that the monarch's "mandate were a force upon conscience and not very agreeable in his ethics grievous and not very agreeable in his ethics" and false edition of his "History of the People called Quakers," now before us, page 686, Sewel says that "did not make blame the usurpation at Oxford, and to tell the King (and here he quotes Penn's language) that it was an act which could not be justified, unless the general liberty of conscience did not allow of observing any of those properly who did other they ought to do, or the Fellows of said College appeared to have done." This is what Macaulay refers to when he says Penn "contrived to step one part of what he thought." Or the second page immediately preceding his account of the Magdalene affair, Macaulay calls Penn "a tool" of the King. In these another instance on record in which "a tool" is represented as rebuking a King for his misdeeds! The truth is, Macaulay makes a very unskilful use of epithets when he brands Penn as tool of James, and, in the next breath, admits further that ventured to reproach the King! It is glorious from his own account of the matter, that Penn was no tool. The truth is, a smaller, bolder, more entirely free spoken man than William Penn never stood up in the presence of power. To call him a tool is sadly a abuse language. There was not a tinge of cowardice in his soul, and, in all his many persecutions to which he was subjected, is never reached to insist on the right and to bend legal technicalities to the purposes of the most dependent life. We could fill our columns with accounts of his heroic conduct on the most perilous occasions, in which his eye never quailed and his cheek never blanched, and when nothing but the latest heroism could have remained unmoved by the heroism that surrounded him.

The truth of Macaulay's account' (vol. 3, page 294-5) cannot fail be infer, that James saw Penn to Oxford after he himself had left that city. This interview is not mentioned by the fate, which was now proceed to state.

Penn left Oxford, the King remained again and the Fellows continued firm. The King himself left Oxford, and soon after made a new appointment that he had issued an order to proceed against the college by a writ of quo warranto. The writ was issued. The report, and a deputation of Ecclesiastical Commissioners, at the head of which was Dr. Jeffries, proceeded to Oxford, and the Fellows were driven with the King on their behalf. This shows that the Fellows had confided not both in Penn's influence and in his sincerity. Penn, through not disagreed, it is unencountered, and the Fellows of Magdalene.

During the first interview which the Fellows held with the President, Penn was present. At the latter interview, he told them he regretted that he had not sooner become interested in the business, and that he would do all in his power to aid any assistance to them, for the King had resolved to have nothing to do with any starving men. He could he did not believe the King had ever been rightly informed of all the circumstances in the case, and he requested them to give him certain papers containing a true account of the matter, which he and his counsel would peruse, and if it be would permit it. The illness of Bishop Parker, of Oxford, who entered about Penn's visit, was inclined to inclined to peculiarly in his conversation, absent with a view to the King, in Parker favor. Dr. Bagshaw might be made Bishop. And yet, on this remarkable Macaulay has based a tremendous charge against Penn, stating that "he was in the habit of using his brother in attempt," and to use a "harlequin as a tool to effect his purposes." Mr. Macaulay, we say, it is true, have authority for his charge not accessible to us, but he does not give it, and the case of Penn seems to be directly the reverse. Penn was guilty of no treachery, he acted openly, and he was even a very bad man indeed, and one of the most singularly successful hypocrites the world ever saw, if he was guilty of the imputed baseness. He was a man of the most unbounded benevolence, by his own society and by some of the most famous men of the age, and he was a man of genius. No man thought more of another than the illustrious Penn thought of Algernon Sidney. What motive could he have had for such atrocious baseness? He could not hope for money or an increase of influence by it, for he was already rich. He

Selected Poetry.

MILTON ON HIS LOSS OF SIGHT.

FROM THE STUDENT EDITION OF MILTON'S WORKS.

I am old and blind!
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown;
Afflicted and downcast of my kind,
Yet I feel not one sense of sin.
I am, weak, yet strong;
I mourn not, that I no longer see;
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father Supreme! to Thee.

Oh merciful One!
When men are farthest, then Thou are most near;
When friends pass by, my weaknesses to shield,
Thy mercies I learn.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning toward me, and Its light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling place—
And thence in my soul's night.

In my troubled brain,
I recognize thy purpose, clearly shown;
My vision thou hast dimmed that I may see
Thyself, Thyself alone.

I have sought to fear;
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing;
Beneath it I am almost moved—here
Can come no evil thing.

Oh! I seem to stand
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Whereof in the holiness from thy shadow land,
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go;
Shapes of grandeur floatingly round me throng,
From topic like I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,
When Heaven is opening on my sightless eyes,
When alien from Paradise seals my love,
That earth is darkness lies.

So, grace comes,
My being fills with rapture—waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit—strains entrance
Each power to worship.

Give me now my lyre!
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine;
Within my bosom bursts a hymn—why dee
Lit by no shift of mine.

Original Sketch.

LIFE DREAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My disposition from boyhood, was of a dreamy, contemplative cast. I would sometimes while alone of my fellow-men almost unconscious of the presence of any one but myself. Holding low communings with my own thoughts and feelings. I lived in the invisible world of my own soul. I instinctively felt that no one should enter the gates of the future, and my young imagination rushed forth to view the animating glories that gather about a well-spent life. By what means is conveyed with honors? My name was sounded by the voice of the multitude!

I was the orator! The inspired orator! The orator filled with beauteous thoughts and glorious inspiration. The orator who could pour all the glories of his own nature into the hearts of his auditors!

I was the orator! The great soul-stirring orator! He, of the earth came to do me reverence. And the young and beautiful learned the purer language of my soul, and read it like a fulsome love letter.

Such were the associations that made these scenes happy dreams.—But my life on earth I kept slipping pace, throwing cheery sun-beams over its pathway, and dressing its toils with garlands of smiling flowers.

Neither was I impatient to reach the goal my ambition had set before me. Life's journey was to me a pleasure. Many years must be spent in mental discipline; many years in acquiring the golden treasures of thought and sentiment with which my genius was to beautify the intellectual world.

Let not thy genius mount until its pinions are unfolded, nor until it feels the sustaining weight of an atmosphere below with knowledge.

Oh that my entire life had been filled up with these tranquil, these happy dreams! I was then a boatman's child—my spirits danced with gaiety—my step was of the elastic roam like, free from the shadows of light summer clouds—my heart was never distorted with the rage of angry, saucy passions.

But my life was visited with another dream. A new tie for the first time my ideal! As soon as my eyes fell upon her, my heart told me I was to love her; it was its destiny to love.

The expression of her features revealed themselves in her countenance and manners. The calm thoughtfulness of her brow—the Minerva like wisdom that shone forth from her eyes—the gentle, loving smiles that played about her mouth and dictated among the dimples of her cheeks, all set my soul to adoring before I had a word from her lips.

The first she had spoken more at first sight, convinces me that it was intended "this creature should be made in Heaven," that our hearts in electrically tell us when they wish to and need love. Let metaphysicians analyze it; I only consult my own consciousness and know it to be so.

She was at her own home. I had remained in her society as long as a sense of propriety would allow me, so I resolved to leave in the morning. The morning came—and God bless it!—it came as shrouded in a drapery of tempestuous clouds that soon began to pour forth floods of rain.

The sight of that morning filled my heart with gladness.

Though the storm-clouds shadowed gloom over the earth—by more ground were they in me than bright skies and gentle floods of sunlight. They kept me by the side of my idea!

The day fled away at last! I pause. Night lind clean at the basis of morning, for there were moments of the earth's intoxication. The inebriate has no note of Time!

Oh how her words thrilled me to the heart! They were low but replete with calm, thoughtful wisdom. And they were accompanied with such an expression of countenance of manner, so kind, so gentle and withal adorned with so much womanly dignity. I felt that I could wrestle her as I could wrestle a poor cannot in the cause of truth and liberty.

I retained abroad, and it seemed as if I was breathing an atmosphere of joy and glory. My soul had become a temple, sacred to pure and lofty sentiments—and I contemplated with the history of nobility that lifted it up from the grosser things of life—the feelings of self-abasement, and filled it with boundless charities and susceptible sympathies.

I was under the spell of the enchantress—the transforming hand of Heaven was upon me—I was a new nature, and sensitizing them to the pure exhilarations of my soul.

I returned home a changed being. Past excitement seemed a shadowy dream, the present and the future a world of new experiences. Old thoughts, associations and sentiments gave way to new ones. Leaving them all behind me, they separated from me unless from things they once loved and were accustomed to, and traveled about and wandered like ideal.

I associated her in such a way with my ideas, my wishes and my hopes that she seemed to me to become a very part of them, and I would have felt as much of a loss out of from my ideal, as I would had I been deprived of one of the latteries of my being.

The parkway of life lay before me bright and glorious, strewn with her flowers and glittering gems. I bounded along it with a light and joyous heart, for I had by my side a fair spirit clad up by garbment with my spirit and in whose presence I was embraced and kept pure.

Clouds came upon me and disturbed the bright sense of my dream. I thought her heart must be cold and utter sense of the world must be dead. But might not understand the mysteries of my nature—she might judge the outward man by the outward. The world within, the world of thought and sentiment would be forever impenetrable to her.

Have these not the reciprocating my sentiments? My person inspires seeing—my manner and soul awakened, disturbing fancies filled with the same world.

What could she see to love in a dreamy, sometime recluse?

Away! Away then ill omened cousins, and let me dream on—and the hope again climb on its accustomed!

Dusky lashes and feverish tears fan away from her. Her mild eyes glimmer sweetly over the pathway that leads to the bowers of Paradise.

I now her hands are upon. Oh it seemed as if I were in a region of enchantment! I breathed an atmosphere redolent with poetry and music! I swallowed along the banks of mystic rivers whose waters dazzled along, laughing as they kissed vocal and embossed! The atmosphere around me of nature poured forth from all her vocals. They were crowned me, and to me, and drowned my soul in rapture. Oh how near the enchantment of love approaches the confines of madness! Love may well be called a delirium of the mind, filled up with emotions and ignorance. Common sense and discretion flee from its imagination and passion hold despotic sovereignty! And overpowered the soul with the wild of delight and pleasure.

A year then passed away before I could have the heart to declare my sentiments. A year of solitude, sore and painful incertitude, relieved only by the brief intervals during which my existence was electrified by her presence.

At last encouraged by her uniform and persevering kindness to me and its constant glowing, it seemed to take in my society, I resolved to leave my fate. The confusing sentiment of my destiny was to me—the moment that was to sing hosannas or sorrow funeral dirges over the remaining years of my life.

She was just recovering from an attack of sickness. Though I knew that my pale, and her form emaciated, she never seemed so interesting to me as then. A silent thoughtfulness sat upon her brow, and her tenderness rested on mine, as sweet, as endearing. Her conversation was illumed with a brilliancy of light. My heart overflowed with admiration, sympathy and love.

The moment came. It seemed to me as brought with impenetrable mist, that I instinctively knew from it as I would from an abyss of ruin. Besides, I was bound with a power irresistible. I had to be rejected, and the privileges pearl swept away from my enraptured eyes forever. But the impulse was on me. I had studied my heart with the intensity that the result should be known.

I made my declaration. How I made it, or what I said, I do not know, for my senses were reeling with excitement.

Will! oh, how well do I know and remember what she said in reply! Had a pen of iron written her words upon my heart, they could not be more imprinted there better. She told me "that she did not know that she could give me any encouragement—that her heart was engaged to another." That she informed me highly, but that my addresses would be unavailing.

The tones of her voice seemed melting with pity and sympathy, evincing the sincerest friendship for me, and emphatically as she uttered the word friendship it was the most delightful sound in the universe of my declaration.

But that word came from her lips so calmly, so utterly pensioned, showering such complete self possession of mind and manners, that they sounded upon my ear like the funeral dirges of all my glorious hopes.

I have they were sincere, and each word was a dag of death that I thought my heart's self as a recipient of agony. I could hardly repress the workings of my crushed sentiment. My spirit had not enough sentiment to sustain the storming of its wounded sensibilities